

Why Don't You Just Go Home

Greg Brown

There's a whipporwill in the rolling hills,
It'll drive you crazy, give you the chills.
There's a barn that got smaller, and the blowed out cars,
Beans climb up to the falling stars.

Why don't you just go home,
Why don't you just go home.
You've had enough wine and it's lamplighting time,
Why don't you just go home.

It's always too hot except when it's too cold,
The dogs is all rascals and the chickens are old.
God hung the moon way too low in the sky,
You're always laughing except when you cry.

Company for supper when the day is through,
People talk funny, just like you.
New vines from the old dirt, now ain't that sweet,
New songs from the old tunes to tap our feet.

Why don't you just go home,
Why don't you just go home.
The trip has been fine, now it's lamplighting time,
Why don't you just go home.